Phone message to Jim from LA 2/14/68

That capital, rotund fellow of the ~~rotating~~ revolving whitewash, named like Olivier, like a German poet — agent of the jewel whose lustre is gone — is the unseen latrines practitioner, your recent invisible successful adversary -

However the yellowed loudmouth is like "Have Gun, Will Travel", if with me - Although no Faust, he is now separated from Mephisto. Although no Cameo, he has been running the scales with me for five hours, and there will be more. If it is not pure discord, then my aria was. Denial total but song continues. Only the impresario can decide if it is melody -

His Griselda is to join me, with the man who was to have called me the night you spoke at Maggie's, prepared for Tom's department -